

EXHIBIT G

The Kindest Person on the Planet

When we were dying, everybody was nicer to us. Nurses washed our hair. Old teachers and old roommates and total randoms came to see us, kissing our bandaged hands. Me and Sandra: like two queens! Bao brought me underwear and slept between us on a chair. Mom flew from Philly, Dad from ND, and Sui from Xian, all the way across the planet. The flowers! The questions! *Are you in pain? How much? If only you weren't so rare.* We were scared and they wanted to hear all about it. They didn't say How? or Why? or How could you? They didn't roll their eyes or say Well I'd better get going. They didn't let us smoke, but we saw them mull it over, as if to say Well it isn't going to kill her. They were riveted. They leaned forward. They were hungry and we were their food.

Birth must be like that, if you could remember. But you can't.

Then along came my Angel. A real one, too: no accident of her own, no sudden onset anything. She wasn't dead, and she wasn't even doing a chain thing, aimed ultimately to save her husband or her sister or her very best bud.

It was just that she had two kidneys and she only needed one. And on top of that, grinned the surgeon: we matched.

That night a thin tube was dripping dreams into my elbow. I was somewhere else. Bao squeezed down by where my fingers were. He lifted the cross from his neck and kissed it. Bao said, "It's happening." My husband's gaze flapped through my eyelashes, stammering like a face in a flipbook, miming love.

curved down the arms. I don't believe that dead people watch us but I whispered *Sorry* to grandmah just the same. Bao folded the wheelchair. To the curb went the crutches, the walker, both canes. We could have recycled them or given them away, but we enjoyed watching garbage men hurl them into the truck, the grimy walls descending to crush them in its mouth.

Right about then is when the letter shows up.

Bao was at work. It was a sunny, ignorant day.

It came in the mailbox: real envelope and paper and gold sticker sealing the flap. It was wrapped in a second letter from the surgeon himself. His boxy handwriting was rushed with loops of fervor; so awestruck was he by the selflessness that he just had to chaperone the missive himself. I looked at his letter. I thought that doctors couldn't write at all, not even their own names.

Then came hers. She had used a notepad shaped like a daisy. Blue gel pen.

Dear Recipient: My name is Dawn Rothario. I'm a thirty-six-year-old white female, and I live in Greater Boston.

In 2014 I read my first article about living kidney donation, and in the years since I've been reminded constantly of the dire need for kidneys in our country. Armed with this knowledge, I knew that I could make a maximum impact on another's life with only minimal risk to myself.

I dropped open the letter. Six whole pages. Details about her surgery, the preparation, the PT. It went on.

I'm so grateful to the entire Transplant Team at MGH, who gave such attentive care throughout the eight months from my first test to the date of our

paired exchange. My own childhood was marked by trauma and abuse; I didn't have the opportunity to form secure attachments with my family of origin. But a positive outcome of my early life is empathy. Others might be motivated to donate to a friend or family member, but to me, the suffering of strangers is just as real.

A few things about me: I like sailing, camping, jewelry, and cats.

Throughout my preparation, I was most excited that the deserving recipient would come off of the list of Deceased Donors. I focused my mental energy on imagining and celebrating YOU.

I stared at the YOU, underlined three times.

My gift, which begat yours, trails no strings. You are deserving of an extended and healthy life simply for existing.

That said, I would love to know more about you. Perhaps we could meet. But I accept any level of involvement, even if it is none.

Kindly,

Dawn M. Rothario

There was a photograph. She was tall, slender, a long ponytail curled in tendrils. The photo had been cut with scissors near her shoulder, as if to remove a person who'd been standing beside her. I lifted it to my nose but it just smelled like a photograph: gluey with faint paper fibers, no hint of a particular person. Her creased smile said she was about my age. She was at some sort of county fair. She was standing in front of a Tilt-A-Whirl, surrounded by blurry feet, holding a rainbow-swirled lollipop in her fist.

So her name was Dawn.